BY MRS JAS. A. SADLIER. CHAPTER XV.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION TURNS UP AGAIN -RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

About the same time that Mr. Henry T. Blake was giving his attention to Repeal, there arose, in the very heart of New York, another agitation on a question of vital importance to the Catholic body. This was the School Question. The evils which I have faintly and imperfectly sketched in my open ing chapters as growing out of the ini-quitous propagandism of the Common Schools, had continued to increase in magnitude with every passing year, un-til it was found absolutely necessary to til it was found absolutely necessary to keep Catholic children, at any cost, from being exposed to their pestiferous influence. Fortunately for the young Church of New York, God had placed it a few years before under the guidance of a prelate whose indomitable energy and singular prudence gave weight and effect to his other rare qualities. his penetrating eye, the pit prepared for the faith and morals of his people was clearly discernible, and for years long he bent all the energies of his vigorous mind to save the Catholics of vigorous mind to save the Catholics of the United States, and of New York in particular, from the tearful abyss opened beneath their feet, by the pater-nal kindness of the State. "The year 1841," says the historian of Catholicity in New York, "was made famous, in New York, by the agitation of the School Question, as it was called. Previous to that time, the public instruction had been in the hands of a close corporation, under the title of the Publis School Society, which administration Public School Society, which adminis-tered and distributed, according to his own good pleasure, the funds provided by the city for the purpose of educa-tion. The books used in these schools abounded with the usual stereotyped falsehoods against the Catholic religion, and the most vexatious and open system of proselytism was carried on in them. The evil became, finally, so great that no alternative was left for Catholic parents, but, either to prevent their children from attending the Schools at all, or to cause an entire change to be made in the system. the advice and active leadership of the Bishop, a systematic attempt was made to call the attention of the com munity and the public authorities to the subject; and, after a severe contest, it resulted in the establishment of the present Common School system. Experience has since shown, however, that the new system, though adminis-tered with as much impartiality and fairness as could be expected under the circumstances, is one, which, as excluding all religious instruction, is most fatal to the morals and religious prin ciples of our children, and makes it evident that our only resource is to

Yet, even this Common School system, objectionable as it still is, is unques-tionably an improvement on the system by which it was preceded. What, then must it have been?—what a nursery for young Catholics? The Public School Society, mentioned in the above paragraph, was, to all intents and pur poses, a close corporation, and exclusively anti-Catholic. When one of its members died and went "to his appointed place," another was elected in his stead by the members themselves Thus, the whole management of the schools, funds, teachers and all, was in the hands of this corporation, and an evil job they made of it, as the Church could sadly testify. Many and many a Hugh Dillon was turned out on society from the classes of the Public Schools, and not a few of their Henry T. Blakes inted to fame and honor on the ruins of those religious principles instilled into them in childhood by Catholic mothers.

"you know how that matter stands as well as we do!"

"I do," said Tim, "and what's

schools of our own, where

sound religious knowledge shall be im

parted at the same time with secular instruction." (Right Rev. Dr. Bay-ley's History of the Catholic Church, on

Island of New York, pp. 111-113.

called themselves Catholics were actively opposed to the great champion of Catholicity. Amongst these was our friend Henry T. Blake. Whatever ince he had in the Democratic party was all thrown into the scale in favor It was his of the Common Schools. boast that he had received a great part and he thought there was no Catholic who might not send his children there with safety as well as profit. opposed to Separate schools on principle, because the effect of such edcation was to contract the mind within narrow limits of an antiquated bigotry, unworthy of the glorious nine-

teenth century.

These sentiments Mr. Henry T. Blake propounded in broad daylight, at eting held in Tammany Hall, for the express purpose of condemning the course pursued, by the Bishop, as the head of the Catholic party. On that memorable occasion, Mr. Blake was veciferously called for by "the b'boys," On that and could hardly get putting in a word for several minutes till the steam was off." Then Mr. Blake comwith his lowest and longest bow, thanked, the meeting for the cordial reception given him, and declared that it should ever be his highest aim to gain a continuance of their approba-They had come together that day, he said, on a great question, a question which involved the well-being and prosperity of the great Republic He, for one, felt deeply grateful to that venerable body, the Public School Society, for their unparalleled exertions cause of education, and he rejoiced to have that opportunity of bearing public testimony to the excellence e schools over which that body pre-Some individuals there might be who opposed those schools through a narrow feeling of bigotry, and, he thought he might add, of fanaticism, but in the breasts of free-born Ameri-cans, no such feeling could ever find a resting-place. He was a Catholic him-

self and yet he was educated, for the most part, is a Ward School. (A voice: "You're a credit to the Ward School, Mr. Blake!") He could, therefore, prove from experience that boys might grow up Catholies, and good Catholies, at the Common Schools. (Another voice: "Yes, such Catholies as you are—to be sure they might!") Mr. are—to be sure they might!") Mr. Blake suddenly stood still. He said he ould go no further, unless those ill-nannered individuals who thus disturbed the meeting were at once ex elled. A scene of indescribable confuson followed, during which it appeared that there was quite a number of the ill-mannered individuals," and, ill-mannered individuals, and, noreover, that they did not choose to e expelled. Some called out for Blake to continue, others hooted and hissed, and cried "shame! shame!" On the whole, Mr. Henry T. Blake thought it most prudent to retire, and leave the field to some other common-

choolman. On the following evening Tim Flanagan dropt into Miles Blake's, hoping, like Paul Pry, that he didn't intrude. Oh! no, on the contrary, nothing could more acceptable than his visit.

"In that case," said Tim, "I'll comfortable." make myself comfortable." So he established himself in an arm chair near So he the fire, which blazed up merrily in the grate, as though rejoicing in the genial resence of a man with a real heart. "Where is Eliza from you?" said im; "I hav'n't seen her this many a

day."
"Oh! she's over at Henry's," replied

Mrs. Blake. " She spends most of her time there."
"Humph! I suppose so!—Well, Miles! I see by the papers this morning that Henry made a great speech at the meeting in Tammany Hall last

night. He's coming out strong against the Bishop."
"So I see," said Miles, and he began

to stir up the fire at a great rate. "He has got into a bad set somehow or an-

"I never knew him to be in anything else," said Tim, coolly. "I wish to goodness he'd come out like a man, and declare himself a Protestant."
"There's not much fear of him doing

that," said Miles, warmly.

"I don't know that, Miles !-he has Protestant wife, and he keeps none but Protestant company, and, depend upon it, he has a Protestant heart—if e hadn't he could never have the face come out openly against the Bishop

Well, but the Bishop goes too far —he objects to every system of educa-tion that leaves out religion—I suppose he'll be for getting up Catholic schools all over and commanding the people to send their children to no other!"

" And if he did," says Tim, " isn' it just what he ought to do? Now, I ask you, Miles Blake, on the word of an honest man, are you as much in favor of the Common Schools as you were ten years ago? Come, now—yes or no?"

"Well, I can't say I am altogether as favorable to them, but still I don't go so far in condemning them as the Bishop does.'

"Now, Miles Blake, just listen to e!" said Tim, and he drew his chair earer Blake. "You often told me in nearer Blake. "You often told me in former times that Harry would grow up as good a Catholic as any of my boys, ough he was educated by Protestants though he was educated by Protestants. Answer me, now—and mind, there's no shirking the question!—do you think Mr. Henry T. Blake is as good a Cath-olic as Edward Flanagan?"

"Well! perhaps not quite so pious and all that, but still he is a Catholic the has never apostatized!"

"Po you think he is as good a son as Edward Flanagan or John?" proceeded Tim. heedless of Miles' concluding

Mrs. Blake burst into tears, and Miles used his pocket handkerchief, protracting the operation much longer than was necessary.

"Ah! Tim, dear, there's no use in asking that question

In the struggle so long carried on between the Bishop, on the one hand, and the dogged spirit of fanaticism, leagued with infidelity, on the other, it is a well-known fact that some who still broke bread. How does it happen that my children are such good Catholics and such loving, dutiful children, while yours are Catholics only in name-don't be angry, Miles!—and, to say the least of it, very indifferent children? How can you account for the difference? Before you answer me, difference? Before you answer me, think of Hugh Dillon, who wouldn't even attend his father's funeral because we buried him in a Catholic burying ground. There must be some cause f all this. And you know very well that these cases on both sides are only in-

> round us?"
> "Yes," said Miles, angrily, "you're just getting back on the old story that kept us in hot water years and years Your crows were always the

stances of what we see going on all

well!" said Tim, "I'm only sorry, for your sake, that your crows are not whiter—that's all. Even yourself can't make them out white now! mon Schools have done for you, any-Of all men in the city, you can never hold up your head and say a word

in their favor."
"Can't I, indeed?" said Miles

doggodly.

No, Miles, you can not!—if you did, every Catholic father or mother might laugh to scorn. Deny it as you will, you have made an infidel of your -a stylish fine lady of your daughter, and both look down on you and your poor wife with contempt. Rich as you are, Miles Blake, I wouldn't be in your place this very night—no, indeed, I'd rather be a tenant-at will over on Ward's Island! If a son of mine had stood up at a meeting like that of last night, and denounced his good Bishop for simply doing his duty, I could never look any one in the face after it. God

knows I could not."
Miles looked as though he would fain augh, but laugh he could not. His own conscience echoed Tim's words, and he

'You're a hard-hearted, unfeeling man, Tim Flanagan—that's what you are, or you wouldn't come into my own house, and tell me such a thing to my very

face."
"As to my being hard hearted," observed Tim, "that's a charge nobody ever brought against me before—at least to my knowledge, and I don't value it much from you, because I know never deserved it from you. But you know in your heart I'm true. Still, perhaps, I'm wrong in reminding you of your misfortunes when it's too late to remedy them. All you can do now, either of you, is to leave your children in the hands of God, and ut them under the protection of the Blessed Virgin-though it's little respect they have for her themselve he added, by way of soliloquy. tell me one thing, now!—wha what's the reason you don't come to our house oftener than you do ?—many a pleasant evening we have of it with Edward and his wife, and Mr. O'Callaghan. They either come to us, or we go to then nearly every evening. Can't you come sometimes when you're sitting here looking at each other, and fretting about what can't be cured?"

Mrs. Blake looked anxiously at he husband. "Well! I'll you what, Tim," said Miles, after a short pause, we will begin and go to you oftener -God knows we want a little amuse ment now and then !--if you'll onl promise to come here in your turn.'

"What!" cried Tim, who could never resist the temptation of cracking a What! Sheridans, and Reilly's and

"Yes, by George! the whole set— Mary and I have pleased the youngsters too long in choosing company. Now we'll choose our own again.

"All right," said Tim, aloud; but in his own mind he enjoyed the sly joke which he did not choose to put into words. "No thanks to you now when you help it. When your children turned their backs on you, welcome Flanagans, Reilly's and Sheridans— better old friends, Irish though they

are, than none at all!"

Mrs. Blake was quite at the arrangement, and Tim had to take a tumbler ch on the head of it, before he

could get away.

Now let us return to the meeting at which Mr. Henry T. Blake made him self so conspicuous. It so happened that Zachery was unabled to attend, owing to some previous arrangement for the evening. Henry was, therefore, going home alone, when, on the way, he was accosted by a person whom he at once recognized as Hugh Dillon. Blake involuntarily quickened his pace, but so did Dillon, too. They were still side by side.

"That was a great speech you made,"

said Dillon. "I guess you're about tired of passing for a Papist. Why not come at once like a man, and say don't care a d-n for priest or Bishop That's my way, along better if it were yours, too. 'free born Americans,' as you justly called us, have no notion of such shilly shally work. You must be either for or against us-that's the chat-d'ye take old feller?"

Henry was by no means pleased with ruffianly familiarity of the other, ne knew it was hardly safe to resent it. "You are very kind, Mr. Dillon," he began, but Dillon interrupted him with

a hoarse laugh.
"None of your fine lingo to me, Blake. Folks never think of calling me mister. Such nonesense don't suit me; I hate titles as I hate hell! We were schoolmates once, Harry Blake, and I schoolmates once, Harry Biake, and I rather liked you then, although you did busy yourself too much about religion. You've got over all that, though," he added, with a diabolical leer, "and I own to a seat of a liking for you. Didn't you see me at the meeting tonight?

"I can't say I did." "You can't say! Well, more shame for you. I brought some of our 'b'hoys' there, just to give you a rousing cheer. You can't say, indeed! I guess I was near enough to you, then, just right in front of the stage. If it hadn't been front of the stage. If it hadn't been for us, those rascally Irish, who went there out of spite, would have hissed you off the stage. But we shouted louder than they did. Ha! ha! ha! You see I don't forget old times; eh

'I am much obliged to you, Dillon.

You hadn't eh? well, I remember a thing or two as well as most men. Do you remember Sam Herrick—eh,

Blake answered in the affirmative You do, eh? well, he was at the meet ing to night, though I guess you didn't see him either, and if he ain't hoarse after all he cheered, then his throat must after all he'cheered, then his throat must be made of leather—that's all. Sam's a brick, and nothing else. Many a jolly good piece of fun we've had together. But I guess you gentlemen, laying a sneering emphasis on the word, "are not over-burdened with memory! Still, I don't want to find fault with you, Harry Blake for you're making a real hold. Blake, for you're making a real bold stand against the priests. Go it like a man, like a free-born citizen, and you may count on us. We'll stand to you through thick and thin. I see you're near home so I'll only give you a parting advice. Come out at once from among the Papists—nor more cant of among the Papists—nor more call of humbug—you're doing our work—come over to us at once, then: no use straddling the fence. The Papists ain't half so strong as we are; so if you want to get along swimmingly, turn your back on what they call religion-Catholic, for it never say you are a looks mean; and you know the Catho lies won't own to you while you go against their Bishop with his old crotchety notions. Be a man, Harryyou're with a step of it!-hang it, don't stop short when you've got far!" and he slapped him on the shoulder with a force that made Henry

quiver. Thank you-thank you, Dillon! I will consider what you say! good

night."
"Good night, old feller, good night! could not treat them as a joke. His give me a shake of your pounder!—only resource was to wax wroth, and make a show of resenting Tim's freedom, mon Schools too much to turn our backs

on them when they're attacked by tyrannical priests or Bishops—eh Harry, my boy? A friend in need is a friend ind-ain't he?'

"Very true, Dillon, very true!" said Blake, as he rang the bell at his wn door with very unusual haste. We must sustain them at any cost!"

"Sustain them! yes, I guess we must!
I'd lose my life for them! I would!" These were the last words Blake heard as he closed the door. He had all along feared that Dillon might invite himself into the house, and was much relieved when that patriotic in-

dividual walked away, with these om-

inous words on his lips.

All that evening Henry Blake felt an naccountable depression of spirits. In vain did Jane and Eliza put forth all their talents to amuse him. Music had their talents to amuse him. no charms to soothe his mind, and do what he would he could not converse with his usual ease or cheerfulness. At last Jane began to pout. She was just then in an interesting situation, and thought herself entitled to an extra share of attention, which, to say the truth, Henry was usually quite willing to giv

Why, I declare, Henry, you are quite stupia to mg.

ails you?"

"Notbing particular, Jane," said

Henry, with a forced smile. "Do I not
look as well as usual?" nite stupid to night! what on earth

ke an old dried up mummy!" Harry and Eliza both laughed at the odd similitude. "I wasn't aware, my dear Jane, that mummies either looked or acted : but let that pass. I must try and make 'Richard himself again,' for your sake at least.'

"Well! but I want to know what vexed you out of doors," persisted

"Did the meeting go off well?" in-quired Eliza, who had been thinking more than she said.

Very well, indeed, Eliza. To tell you the truth, my dear girls, it was that fellow, Dillon, that threw a damper on my spirits. He accosted me soon after left the Hall, and would keep up with me all the way home. He is certainly low ruffian, and the whole tenor of his conversation was highly offensive to me conversation was nightly offensive to me though I believe he meant to be quite friendly. But familiarity from a fellow like that is at all times disgusting to me, at least. I confess I am not democrat enough to place myself on a level with such rowdies, even for the sake of

popularity."
"Oh! if that be all," said Jane, laughing, "I do not pity you much. If you want to use such fellows you must pay the penalty—so I often heard father say. They will not serve you at the polls unless you come down from your dignity so as to suit their taste. If it be only Hugh Dillon's over-familiarity that troubles you, we won't take that as an excuse. Here's Zachary coming, I declare, so no more dullness for this evening.'

Still Henry could not forget Dillon's parting words. Not that he attached any particular signification to them, or that they excited any new ideas to his mind, but they seemed to haunt him, as it were, and kept ever ringing his ears like a funeral bell. "Confound the fellow," said he to himself, "I wish he hadn't come in my way—that deep husky voice of his seems to have found an echo in my ear." Poor Henry! would that it might awaken your slumbering conscience

Henry Blake and Hugh Dillon met

no more on earth. Following the thread of our story we must now pass over some weeks, at the same time craving the reader's pardon if the scenes which we are about to visit are not precisely to his or her liking. It was New Year's Eve, and the whole city of New York was in joyous preparation for the coming festival. ons preparation for the coming testival. This is all very well, so long as the general hilarity was kept within proper bounds; but, unfortunately, this is not everywhere the case. There is a certain class of men in every city who cannot or will not rest satisfied with the ordinary amusements of civic festivals, but must launch out on the wild ocean of licentious indulgence, overleaping every barrier that might oppose their progress, whether it be law, decency, or common distinguished as "the b'hoys," It so happened that on this particular New rear's Eve, a considerable number of these rowdies took it into their heads to "have a good time," which laudable project they executed by paying a visit en masse to all the taverns, confectionaries, and cook shops within a circuit of several streets, glutting mselves with everything they could eat or drink, and then telling the lord or landlady, as the case might be "to go be d——d," or some such polite injunction, that is, if they ventured to hint anything about payment In some places, the party ended their carousal by smashing their glasses in token of independence, threatening to break the owner's head if he attempted to remonstrate. Centre, Mulberry, Elizabeth, Grand and Broome streets were especially favored by the visits of these maranders. Even the stalls of fruit and cake venders along the street were rifled, and their owners kicked out of the way. One poor old Irish-woman had her little covered stall broken to pieces, her cakes and apples consigned to the pockets of the rowdies (for their stomachs were at last "done up,") and her handful of coppers, the proceeds of the day's sale, appropriated before her eyes by the leader of the before her eyes by the leader of the gang, who coolly placed it in his vest pocket, saying it might be useful. In vain did the poor old body beseeth them over and over not to "ruin her out an' out"—it was no use, they only cursed her for "a d—d Irish beggen" and told her to be very beggar," and told her to be very thankful that they didn't knock her head against the wall. Well! the Lord be praised!" said

the old woman to herself, as ste stood alternately looking after the depre-dators, and eyeing the shattered remains of her little property. "Well the Lord be praised! if that's wha they call American freedom, I'd rather have the slavery we had at home. I'd be many a day an' year sellin' apples

in poor ould Ireland before anybody i'd ise me that way. Oh! och! but it's the quare country all out, where fel-lows like them can ride roughshod over decent, quiet people, that's mindin their business an' nothing else! An to think of that blackguard Dillonoh, dear! oh, dear! what is he goin on, dear! on, dear! what is he goin' to turn to—every day an' every hour he's gettin' deeper an' deeper into the mire! Sure enough, God has great patience to let him run so long! But God pity me! what am I to do now, at all, at all?"

Little did poor Molly, our old as-quaintance, think, when she gave vent to this sad soliloquy, that the reprobate's race was already run—that the Divine patience of which she spoke was at length exhausted, as far as he was concerned. Molly had latterly taken concerned. Molly up her stand at the corner of Grand to her stand at the corner of Grands street and the Bowery, and when 'the b'hoys' gallantly demolished "every stick of it," they next proceeded to pay their respects at a German tavern in Elizabeth street. Now it so happened that there was a ball in the house on that night, and the Germans had no mind to admit such visitors into their social circle. The accordingly resisted their entrance. This roused the ire of the rowdies, who immediately went off to recruit, and very soon returned with a strong reinforcement. They at once besieged the house with a shower of stones and every other missile that came to hand, shouting the most fearful imprecations and all man-ner of vengeful threats. But the Gerner of vengeful threats. But the Germans had carefully barricaded the doors and windows, so that the only damage sustained by them consisted of glass. Not so the assailants; the crash of shattered glass following their first volley was almost instantaneously answered by a discharge of fire arms from within, a yell of anguish rung through the air and the leader of the band fell heavily to the ground. (This is a positive fact. The son of Irish Catholic parents—his mother, too, widow—was shot some years ago in New York in the manner above described. The circumstances is, doubt ess, within the recollection of many of my readers. I have merely ame.) Consternation and bodily fear took possession of his comrades. They fled in all directions; leaving only a few, who, bolder than the rest, determined to wait and see whether their fallen chief was really dead. Turning him over, for he had fallen on his face, they saw at a glance that life was gone—the unhappy young man was shot through the head. "Is he dead?" asked one from behind. "Dead!" cried another; "I guess he is—dead as a herring! what are we going to do

Why, take him home to be surehe has got an old mother, I think."
"The duece he has! where does she hang up?"

she hang up?"
"Can't say!"
"I know where the old woman lives?" said one young fellow, coming forward; it was Watty Sullivan; come, give me a hand some of you till we take him home !"

"Oh! for God's sake, don't!" cried an agitated voice at his elbow. It was that of poor old Molly Reynolds, whose stall had been so lately demolished.

"Don't take him home dead to the poor heart broken mother that he treated so badly in his life-time. would be the death of her-it would, indeed. No, no, bring him somewhere else, and God bless you!"

"Go to the d-l! you only hag! where can we bring him to if not to his

Molly, stoutly, "you can bring him to my little place down the alley here. I'll get one or two of the neighborwomen to stay with me, till we can break it to his mother. It's a thing I don't like to do, especially as he didn' die a Christian death, but I'll do it for God's sake. Come on, I'll show you

TO BE CONTINUED

A PAINTING OF CHRIST. A man who tottered as he walked. whose dress was so shabby that it was long past even the appearance of gentility, whose unkempt hair was but half concealed by a battered and greasy hat and who wore his coat collar turned up and tightly pinned beneath his chin to conceal the fact that his shirt was collarless, paused before the entrance to one of the great uptown churches of New York and, with bloodshot eyes, peered through the doorway into the vestibule. Several moments he hesitated. Then with an unconscious ges ture of latent dignity, his form straight ened and with head erect, he passed into the church.

The chimes had long since ceased to

ring, the priest was already in the midst of his sermon, and as the human derelict drifted into the rearmost sea of that vast auditorium he heard from the pulpit, in stentorium tones, these words: "Christ being risen from the dead, dieth no more; Sin hath no more dominion over him."

It seemed to the weary man as though these words were addressed personally to him, and, as he knelt for a moment howed head whispered prayer that had not recurred to him in many years, something like a glow thrilled him so that presently he leaned back, and, fixing his tired eyes upon the preacher, he listened with concentrated attention to every word of the sermon. So wrapped was he in what he heard and so intense were the emotions engendered by it that he was not conscious of the end of the discourse, and it was not until many moments later, when almost the entire congregation had left the church, that he remembered where he was.

He started to his feet then with sudden energy, intent only upon leaving the church before he should be recognized, for there were many presen had known him in the past; but the throng of people in the aisles was too dense for him to penetrate, so he sank back upon the cushions again and with bowed head waiting. Presently he was startled by the

touch of a hand upon his shoulder, and,

looking up quickly, he started to his eet, shamefaced and flushed. The hand that touched him was now stretched out, palm upward, for him to

take, but he pretended not to see it. I should have avoided you," he drearily. "Believe me, Roderick, aid drearily. I did not mean that any one should re-cognize me. I do not know why I came here at all to-day." And then, smiling bitterly and with irony in his voice, he added, "I did not even know that it was Easter until after I entered the added,

Will you go home with me Philip?" asked the other, still keeping his hand extended, as if determined that it should be seen and taken.

"Home with you? No, thank you all the same."

"Then let me go with you." "I am sorry Rod, but I have no place to take you," was the reply. "It is so long since I possessed a studio; longer since I held a brush or a palette in either hand. The only home that I know now I find in the back rooms of gin mills. Does not my appearance youch for the truth of this statement?" gin mills.

"Then let us sit here for a little while, for I want to talk to you, Phil. For months I have tried in vain to find you. Here we will be quiet and undisturbed.'

turbed."
"Are you willing to be seen in the company of such as I, Roderick?" asked the artist tensely. "Do you remember the artist tensely. "Do you remember what I was, and do you realize what I

"Yes, both." "I doubt it. Yet it was kind of you to speak to me to day; kinder still to wish to help me, for that, I know, is your wish ; but I am beyond help from others. The only chance left to me now lies within myself."

" Have you forgotten, Phil, that this Sunday Easter Easter Sunday?"
'No; I have just remembered it."

"Why not leave that dead past be hind you to-day and rise from this liv ing death, as Christ rose 1900 years

If I only could, if I only could !" " You can if you will."

"You say you have lost your manhood. Have you also sacrificed your talents?'

No; I can paint as well as ever when my nerves are not unstrung, but I have prostituted them shamefully. Do you know how I keep body and soul together now? By decorating saloon mirrors and taking my pay in drinks and luncheons over the bars. me in this condition because I have deme in this condition because generated into a thing."

generated into a thing."

Phil. Did you ever in the

"Nonsense, Phil. Did you ever have a better friend than I was in the old days ?"

" Will you put aside your false pride and let me be that same friend now? " If you wish to lend me money-

"That is not what I mean. I want to help you, just as you would help me if the conditions were reversed. If you will consent to what I have to propo you will confer the favor, not I.

you hear the proposition?'
"Yes. What is it?" "Yes. What is it?"

"There has been a committee appointed, of which I am chairman, to ave painted a life-size portrait of the Master. It is to hang yonder, over the chancel. Will you accept the commission? Will you paint the pisture? I have the authority to give the order, and it is expected that I will make a payment in advance. There is no one in all this city as competent as yourself to do the work. Will you do it?"

The artist was silent for a moment, and when he replied there was a dreamy, introspective expression in his eyes, and his voice was so low that the words he uttered were almost inaud-

ible.

"If you had asked those questions an hour ago," he said, "I should have answered no. Now I answeryes. Then housless passionless, I was aimless, hopeless, passionles drifted into this church as a chip drifts into an eddy of the stream it follows. I believed that I had lost all the ability to be emotional, but there was some thing in the sermon we heard to day which opened within me a window that has been shuttered and barred since I was a child. I hate cant. Roderick : so don't misunderstand me. It was the logic, the good sense, that your priest uttered and the manhood to which he appealed that affected me. Somehow he made me feel that for three years have been dead and that even I might rise again to a new and better

"Will you try, Phil?" asked Roderick eagerly, placing his hands upon the shoulders of his friend. "Will you?" "I will try, old man." "Will you let me help you? It will

be a greater favor to me than to you. Will you paint the picture ?" The artist hesitated and turned his head, away, fixing his eyes upon the stained glass window over the chancel.

Presently his friend continued:

"How much, Phil, did you receive for a life-size portrait when you first returned from Paris and took up your work here here? Approximately, \$3.000, was it not ?"

Yes, at least that much." "Yes, at least that much."
"Very well. For the execution of
this order, provided it is completed and
delivered to me one year from to-day, I will pay you \$1,200, in monthly payments of \$100 each in advance. Will you accept the order?"

you accept the order?"

Again the artist hesitated, but a last he raised his head and said slowly:

"If you will accept a condition that I will make—yes. It is that during the year you make no effort to see me or my work nor communicate with me

other than to forward the monthly re-"'Agreed, Phil," said his friend gladly, "it you will accept the first payment now." And without waiting for a reply he took the money from his pocket and thrust it into the artist's hand.

They left the church together and

went out upon the street silently, but there the artist paused and, turning,

'We part here Roderick," he said,

tentatively, Tell me, sha the Perfect accepted mo ideal, your is strength. 1 youthful am paint a Chr tunity. Do our best en in the work. the artist nd you m where in th

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